UNITED STATES.

THE MARY ROGERS' MYSTERY.—The following, from the Courier and Enquirer of this morning, is a point-blank denial of the reported confession by Mrs. Loss, relative to the death of Mary Rogers.—*Journal of Commerce, Nov.* 19.

I noticed a statement in the Tribune of this morning, relative to a confession said to have been made before me by the late Mrs. Loss, which is entirely incorrect, as no such examination took place, nor could it, from the deranged state of Mr. Loss's mind. Respectfully yours,

GILBERT MERRITT.

Hoboken, Nov. 18, 1842.

The New York *Sun* says, it is currently reported in the City, that Mary Rogers is still alive, and in the keeping of her former employer.

HORRID MURDER ON LONG ISLAND.—Monday evening, intelligence of a most brutal murder at Huntington, L. I., reached our city, and we lay before our readers what information we were able to collect of the horrid transaction.

On Sunday evening, the dwelling of Mr. Alexander Smith, an aged and worthy farmer of Huntington, was discovered to be in flames, and on reaching the spot, his neighbours were horrified at finding the bodies of Mr. Smith and his wife, partly consumed, with their skulls beat in, apparently with a heavy hammer, and their faces most awfully disfigured, showing conclusively that they had first been foully murdered, and the house then fired by the blood-thirsty miscreant, to conceal his crime.

There is no doubt that this double murder was committed by a German, who had been employed but a few days before by Mr. Smith, as a labourer, and he was doubtless incited to commit the crime for the purpose of obtaining a considerable sum of money, known to have been in Mr. Smith's possession.

The supposed perpetrator of the diabolical murders was arrested at Wading River, concealed in a barn: when taken, he admitted, that he was the person who resided with Mr. S. From appearances, he obtained no money, as the pocket-book of Mr. S. was found on the body, in a side pocket, undisturbed, as also the money in his chest; the key of which was lying near the fire, having been burned from his pocket.

The person taken up had been in the employ of Mr. Smith only a fortnight. Mr. and Mrs. Smith were an aged and respectable couple, and he is supposed to have been worth about $150,000, but kept very little money about him. They have but one son, who resides, we understand, somewhere in Westchester county.

WILFUL MURDER BY ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY PERSONS!—George W. Lore, charged with the murder of Henry Blake, was caught in Barbour County, Ala., in the neighbourhood where the murder was committed, on Sunday night, the 30th ult. Upon his third trial for this offence, he was found guilty by a jury of Henry Co., and the sentence of death was to be executed on the 15th of June last, but was set aside by the Supreme Court, and a new trial granted. Lore soon after escaped from jail, and went to his friends at the North, and returned to Barbour county, he says, for the purpose of standing his trial. The citizens, it seems, were not satisfied with this statement, and fearing that he would make his escape, held a meeting, to consult upon the proper course to be pursued. The meeting consisted of about 200 persons, 198 of whom, we understand, voted to have him publicly executed. Accordingly, on last Thursday, about twelve miles from Glenville, the sentence passed upon him by the citizens was executed by hanging him.—Nothing can, in a country of laws, justify such a proceeding.

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE.—In the Runinsas (Iowa) Gazette we find the most extraordinary and cruel relation of circumstances that we believe ever went forth in type. An old man lived alone, and had forbidden a daughter, who lived near, and her husband, and even their children, ever to approach his place, on account merely of some whimsical pique that the old man had taken against his child. One morning the inhuman being found his grandchild, under three years of age, climbing upon his garden rail, and he deliberately went for his rifle and shot the boy dead. The victim fell inside of the fence. The old man reloaded, and sat watching. Not long after, the mother came seeking her child, and as she touched her father's garden rail, as she did with a shriek the instant she perceived her dead child, the old brute shot her in the temple, and killed her stone dead on the spot. The hoary maniac (as he is now accounted) shot the father also when he came, and he is now in prison, to answer for the three murders.

MANUFACTURE OF EARINE AND STEARINE FROM LARD.

A patent has been obtained by Mr. J. H. Smith, of New York. The substance of his process is as follows:—Boil the Lard either by fire directly applied to the kettle, or by steam. When the latter is employed, he uses a steam tube to descend from the steam boiler into the vessel, and coiled round on the bottom so as to present a large heating surface to the lard, provision being made to carry off the water and waste steam. It is usual to perforate the tube with numerous holes along the whole of that portion of it which is submerged below the lard, thus allowing the whole of the steam to pass through the lard. To operate with advantage, the vessel should be of considerable capacity, holding, say, from ten to one hundred barrels. The length of boiling will of course vary according to the quality of the lard. That which is fresh may not require to be boiled more than five or six hours, while that which has been long kept may require twelve hours.—It is of great importance to the perfecting of the separation of the Stearine and Earine, that the boiling should be continued for a considerable period.

Alcohol is employed, mixed with the lard in the boiler at the commencement of the operation. When the lard is sufficiently fluid, gradually pour and stir into it about one gallon of alcohol to every eighty gallons of lard, taking care to incorporate them as intimately as possible; and this will cause a perfect separation between the Stearine and Earine from each other, by the spontaneous granulation of the former, which takes place when the boiled lard is allowed to cool in a state of rest. Camphor is sometimes combined with alcohol, dissolving about one-fourth of a pound in each gallon of alcohol, which not only gives it an agreeable odour, but appears to co-operate with the alcohol in effecting the object in view.

After the boiling has been continued for a sufficient length of time, the fire is withdrawn or the steam cut off, and the mass is allowed to cool sufficiently to be ladled or drawn off into hogsheads or other suitable coolers, when it is to be left at perfect rest, to cool down and acquire the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere: and as the coolings proceed, the granulation will take place and become perfect. The material is then to be put into bags, and pressed moderately under any suitable press, which will cause the Earine to flow out in a state of great purity, there not being contained in it any perceivable portion of Stearine, and this practice is to be continued until the Stearine is as dry as it can be made in this way.

The Stearine is then, by a very simple process, which we have not space to give at present, prepared to be made into candles, the Earine being ready for use as oil.

We have seen some of these preparations, and they are fully equal to sperm oil and candles, and are much cheaper. The oil is sold at 75 cents per gallon, and gives a beautiful clear light, and emits neither smoke nor smell while burning. The candles also burn as well as the best sperm.—*Central New York Farmer.*

ROTHSCHILD.—There is not a man upon the face of the earth, perhaps, a man of such extensive, continually operating and efficient power, as Rothschild of London. All that we hear of him, however extravagantly expressed, may be said to fall far short of the truth, if we look to his influence—that secret and mysterious influence which almost realises the strange tale of Godwin's St. Leon, whose hero is the Wandering Jew—or his wealth—or his mode of operating, as by dumb-show, upon all Cabinets of Europe. Talk as we may, about Emperors and Kings, and of their despotism—there is no despotism like that of wealth, hoarded up here only to be scattered there, garnered in the treasuries of Europe only to be distributed in Asia, and circulating everywhere with a steadiness like that of the atmosphere, whose virtue and vitality are never diminished, although continually changing and fluctuating. Talk of soldiers in Europe—the soldiers that are paid, are the only soldiers worth having, and he that pays them is their commander-in-chief, be he who he may; wearing neither crown nor sceptre, if you will, not even sitting in a Council of war, it is he, and he only, though walking the earth under the guise of a broker, who ought to be regarded as their chief. Rothschild of London—or at any rate the Rothschilds of Europe taken together, are the King-makers of the nineteenth century. It is only a day or two since, that a young friend of ours, recently from abroad, favoured us with a description of a fete by the London Rothschild, which interested us not a little.—He had given a dinner party, followed by sundry shows of one sort and another, which the wealthiest monarchs of the day might have been proud to equal, so far, at any rate, as the entertainment would go. There were princes and paupers—British noblemen and stock-jobbers—lords, ladies and Jewish damsels, gathered together in such numbers, that one who entered the house unpreparedly, in the midst of the splendour—'barbaric pearl and gold'—the flashing eyes and swarthy countenances, would have started with surprise at every turn—believing himself at a masquerade, or a great Eastern fair.—On his left, he would encounter Prince Esterhazy, in a jewelled vest, the splendour breaking out from beneath the folds of his outer coat and waistcoat, though affecting a more than usual plainness of attire, to avoid the reproach of scattering diamonds as he walked; on his right, the Prince Talleyrand, standing aloof and apart from the crowd, like a shadow escaped from its natural body; here, a cluster of English lords, Lord Lowther, Lord Stanhope, two or three cabinet ministers, a score of baronets, knights and secretaries; there was a considerable number of women, as nearly as might be of the same look, all Jewesses, and all from the same neighbourhood—looking as if they were all of one household—saying nothing. "To tell you the truth, Sir," said the gentleman referred to—"it was a living pantomime, a walking edition of the Arabian Nights. Princes, and noblemen of the highest rank, found themselves, they never knew how, sitting side by side with the daughters of Israel, their dark hair, clustered with rough gold and sparkling with gems—or handing them to the table, utter strangers left to entertain one another—no common language, no common topic of conversation between them. At last, 'Monsieur est servi!' cried a fellow in magnificent livery, dropped with gold, passing the word through half a score of military-looking associates. But when we arrived at the table, we found (to borrow a very expressive, though not very genteel phrase) more mouths than spoons. A beautiful scene occurred here—plenty of uproar, hurry and bustle; such whimpering and shuffling to avoid the skilful manœuvring of the major domo! The service was superb—all gold, pure gold, massive and rich as the proudest ornaments of a kingly table. The hangings were of gorgeous crimson silk, falling in heavy folds from the ceiling to the very floor, ponderous with lustre—the rooms were lighted up, nobody knew how, for half the lights were invisible. The dessert was arranged in a slovenly manner—or more properly, not arranged at all—distributed over the cloth hap-hazard, neither paired nor matched, and almost every dish was wrong, or, in some way or other, affronting the accomplished feelings of the higher bred and more orderly spendthrifts. The pine apples, grapes, and other costly fruits, were in golden baskets, deposited about the sumptuous tables and sideboards, with what appeared like a studied confusion. The very plates were—gold—fine gold. In fact, the furniture and service were in good taste, the company in bad taste; anything indeed but company; for no two of the whole were ever associated together before, barring perhaps a dozen or twenty British Noblemen, and five or six foreign Princes.—After the dinner, there was a French play by French actors—the drawing-room was turned into a theatre, as by the touch of a secret spring or the uttering of a cabalistic word. After this, a concert and a ball!"—*John Neal—Portland Tribune.*

LITTLE THINGS.—Every thing around us tells us not to despise small beginnings, for they are the lower rounds of a ladder that reaches to great results, and we must step upon these before we can ascend higher.

Despise not small beginnings of wealth.

The Rothschilds, Girard, Astor, and most of the richest men began, with small means. From cents they proceeded to dollars, from hundreds to thousands; from thousands to millions. Had they neglected these first earnings; had they said within themselves, what is the use of saving those few cents? they are not of much value, and I will just spend them, and enjoy myself as I go? they would never have risen to be the wealthiest among their fellows. It is only by the economical husbanding of small means, that they increase to large sums.—It is the hardest part of success to gain a little—that *little* once gained, *more* will easily follow.

Despise not small beginnings of education.

Franklin had but little early education, yet look at what he became, and how he is now reverenced. Ferguson, feeding his sheep on the hills of Scotland, picked up merely the rudiments of learning, but subsequently rose to be one of the first astronomers in Europe. Herschel, also, the great astronomer, was in his youth a drummer boy to a marching regiment, and received but little more than a drummer boy's education; but his name is now associated with the brightest discoveries of science, and is borne by the planet which his zeal discovered. A host of instances rise up to testify, that by properly improving the small and perhaps imperfect beginnings of knowledge, they may become as foundation stones of a temple of learning, which the future shall gaze upon and admire.

A man can scarcely be too avaricious in the acquisition of knowledge; he should hoard up his intellectual gains with the utmost assiduity and diligence, but unlike the lucre-seeking miser, must put out his knowledge to usury, and by lending out his stock to others, increase by the commerce of his thought his capital, until his one talent shall have become five, and his five gained to them other five.

Despise not the small beginnings of fame or honor.

The fame which springs up on a sudden, like the mushroom plant, is seldom lasting. True fame and honor are of slow, but generally sure growth, ascending by degrees from the lowest offices to the highest stations; from the regard of a few to the applause of a nation. But he who despises the lower steps of honor, because they are low, will seldom reach the higher, and he who spurns at the commendation of his own circle, as too small a thing to seek after, will never secure the esteem and renown of a state or kingdom.

Despise not the small beginnings of error.

The walls of a castle have been undermined by the burrowings of small and despised animals; and the beginnings of error, though at first unheeded, will soon, if not checked, sap the foundations of truth, and build up its own wretched dogmas on its ruins. All first errors are small; despise them not; they will soon increase to great ones, and perhaps devastate society.—*Savannah Georgian.*

THE EFFECT OF POLITICAL OFFICE-HUNTING.—A Cincinnati paper, with great propriety and sense, asks which member of this city "has added to his professional eminence or character, by deserting his office to mingle in party politics? Is there any promising young man in this city, in any of the various trades and occupations, who has not lost his credit as a business man, just in proportion as he has devoted his means and time to party politics? Are there not hundreds of men in our midst who have absolutely been ruined by leaving their business during the last five years, and following that "poke-o'-moonshine" which has been most truthfully styled "the madness of the many, for the benefit of the few?" Our streets are daily filled with melancholy instances of the deplorable effects of "that malign influence" which, like an ignis-fatuus, leads our young men from the useful and productive pursuits of active industry, into the meshes of political ambition, (Heaven save the mark!) and ruins them forever after for all the good purposes to society, to themselves, and to their families. The path of office, now-a-days, especially in this city, is mostly through the pot-house, the bar-room, and the excited assemblage, and those who travel it are seldom after fit for any other road or capable of returning to the less seductive but more respectable and beneficial pursuits they abandoned for the idle chase after official ease and the idleness of political juggling.

GOVERNMENT.—As God is the origin of power, and the Supreme Governor of the universe, he delegates authority to whomsoever he will; and though, in many cases, the governor *himself* may not be of God, yet *civil government* is of him; for without this, there could be no society, no security, no private property: all would be confusion and anarchy; and the inhabitable world would be soon depopulated. In ancient times, God, in an especial manner, on many occasions, appointed the *individual* who was to govern, and *he*, accordingly, governed by a *divine right*; as in the case of *Moses, Joshua*, the Hebrew Judges, and several of the *Israelitish Kings*. In after times, and to the present day, he does that by a general superintending providence, which he did before by especial designation. In all nations of the earth, there is what may be called a *constitution*, a plan by which a particular country or state is governed; and this constitution is less or more calculated to promote the interest of the community. The civil governor, whether he be elective or hereditary, agrees to govern according to that constitution; thus, we may consider, that there is a *compact* and *consent* between the *governor* and the *governed*, and, in such case, the potentate may be considered as coming to the supreme authority in the direct way of God's providence; and as civil government is of God, who is the fountain of law, order and regularity, the civil governor, who administers the laws of a state according to its *constitution*, is the *minister* of God. But it has been asked, if the ruler be an immoral or profligate man, does he not prove himself, thereby, to be unworthy of his high office, and should he not be deposed? I answer—No: if he rule according to the *constitution*, nothing can justify rebellion against his authority. He may be *irregular* in his *own private life*; he may be an immoral man, and disgrace himself by an improper conduct: but if he rule *according to the law*; if he make no attempt to change the constitution, nor break the compact between him and the people, there is, therefore, no legal opposition to the civil authority: and every act against him is not only rebellion, in the worst sense of the word, but is unlawful, and absolutely sinful—*Dr. Adam Clark.*

STRANGE TENURE.—Aylesbury is the largest and best town in the county (Bucks). It was in the Conqueror's (William) time a manor royal; several parts of which that king gave to his favourites, to hold by this odd tenure, viz., that they should find litter or straw for the king's bed and chambers, whenever he should come that way, and provide him three eels in winter, and three green geese in summer, besides herbs for his chamber; and this they were to do thrice a-year, if the king came so often thither.

DAIRY.—Unless the farmer has a very diligent and industrious wife, who sees minutely to her dairy, or a most honest, diligent, and careful housekeeper to do it for him, he will assuredly lose money by his dairy; trusted to common servants, it will not pay charges. The dairy maid must be up every morning at four o'clock, or she will be backward in her business. At five, the cows must be milked, and there must be milkers enough to finish by six. The same rule must be observed in the evening.—*Arthur Young.*

A HINT TO GIRLS.—We have always considered it an unerring sign of innate vulgarity, when we hear ladies take particular pains to impress us with the idea of their ignorance of all domestic matters, save sewing lace or weaving a net to incase their delicate hands. Ladies, by some curious kind of hocus-pocus, have got it into their heads that the best way to catch a husband is to show how profoundly capable they are of doing nothing for his comfort. Frightening a piano into fits, or murdering the King's French, may be a good bait for certain kinds of fish, but they must be of that kind usually found in very shallow water. The surest way to secure a good husband is to cultivate those accomplishments which make a good wife.—*Exchange paper.*

PROPERTY.—"I do not know," says Dr. Paley, "whether our attachment to property be not something more than the mere dictate of reason, or even than the mere effect of association. Property communicates a charm to whatever is the object of it. It is the first of our abstract ideas; it cleaves to us the closest and the longest. It endears to the child its plaything, to the peasant his cottage, to the landowner his estate. It supplies the place of prospect and scenery. Instead of coveting the beauty of distant situations, it teaches every man to find it in his own. It gives boldness and grandeur to plains and fens, tinge and colouring to clays and fallows."—*Natural Theology.*

LIBERALITY.—A cause so great and sacred as that of Christianity absorbs all those differences and divisions of a minor kind that exist among us; and I trust and believe there is not a missionary of our Baptist communion, who would not infinitely prefer the conversion and salvation of one soul, to making the whole heathen world adopt our views of a disputed and comparatively inconsiderable ceremony. If there is such a man, I am no party to his sentiments; there exists no communion between us; let not my soul enter into that man's secret! No, my dear brethren! We, I trust, have far higher views; the only kind of proselytes we desire to make, are proselytes to God and Jesus Christ! In the promotion of such a cause, we are ready to forget our own denomination, and co-operate with every other.—*Robert Hall.*

He that puts his trust and confidence in any learning or doctrine besides God's word, not only falls into error, and loses the truth, but also, as much as lies in him, he robs God's book of his sufficient truth and verity, and ascribes it to the book of men's decrees; which is as much to wrong God and his book as may be thought or done.—*Bishop Hooper.*

The Colonial Herald.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1842.

We are again under the disagreeable necessity of informing our readers—(a fact with which many of them are, no doubt, already fully conversant)—that the long-looked-for Mails have not yet arrived. Not having had any Post-communication with any part of the world since the 19th ult., when the Steamer ST. GEORGE made her last trip for the season, there are no less than *two* English and *five* Colonial Mails now due. It is therefore high time that some inquiry were made into the cause of this detention, and the means to be adopted in order to prevent the recurrence, as far as possible, of a similar inconvenience in future; and we are glad to learn, that Thomas Owen, Esq., Postmaster of this town, proceeds to Cape Traverse to-day, to make such arrangements as may be found necessary to secure the more ready transmission of the Mails in future. From that gentleman's well-known practical experience, activity and energy, we anticipate the best results from his mission.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—On Wednesday evening last, the Rev. James Waddell delivered a scientific and practically useful Lecture on Caloric, its nature and properties. Experiments were also shown, illustrative of the radiation and reflection of heat; of its power to expand gaseous fluids and solid bodies; and of the tendency of chemical combinations to absorb and evolve caloric. Though the operator laboured under very great disadvantages, from the paucity of materials suitable to his purpose, the experiments in general succeeded very well, and afforded much gratification, as well as instruction, to a very numerous and attentive audience. We have been favoured with a perusal of the Lecture, and conceiving it may prove interesting to our readers, shall have pleasure in giving it insertion in the course of a week or two. The Annual Report will be read, and office-bearers chosen for the ensuing year on Wednesday evening next.

CENTRAL ACADEMY.—The examination of the pupils at the Central Academy, which was advertised for Friday (yesterday), we understand, did not take place, probably on account of the almost impassable state of the streets, preventing persons interested from being able to attend. It is unfortunate that it happened so at this time, as we believe a manifest improvement would have been found in the management of the Institution, in consequence of the successful efforts of the Masters to introduce, to a considerable extent, uniform and improved Books. The classes will be resumed after the Christmas holidays, on Tuesday, the 10th January.

"Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant."

The following Lines having never yet (it is believed) been honored with a *niche* in any of our public Journals, their insertion, at the present time, may possibly interest some of our readers, if not the *author* himself, who may, probably, have forgotten, ere this, that his prolific brains ever gave birth to such a *precious gem*:

"*A paraphrase of one of the finest passages of Scripture; addressed by the Writer to his friend*, Mr. J. B. COOPER.

"Th' apostle thus to Christ, the Master, spoke:
'How often shall my brother me provoke
A day, repent, and I forgive the harm?'
And then, with pride and new-born virtue warm,
To shew his meekness, piety and love,
And answer his own question, thus he strove:
'Till seven times?' he. Hear the Divine reply:
'I tell thee, pardon thou shalt not deny,
Nor yet assistance to his wants refuse,
When he, offending, but repentant, sues;
Though in the day, he oft'ner thee offend
Than unto thee that day may minutes lend.'
I trust this precept I have read aright,
Though heav'nly doctrines, yet, bedim my sight;
And more, e'en now, I trust the deed to see,
Between yourself, my *well-tried* friend, and me:
The one the other shall not grace deny—
The pard'ner, *you*; and the offender, *I*.

"Charlottetown, 23th Dec. 1839." R. B. I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLONIAL HERALD.

"Let the *galled* jade wince, OUR withers are unwrung."

As *Flagellator* has had his motto, I see no substantial reason why I should not have mine, and I therefore hope the one I have chosen will please those for whose more particular benefit the present communication is intended; for my part, it seems to me to be peculiarly appropriate.

It appears, Sir, that the Editor of the publication called the *Islander*, not content with the drubbing inflicted upon him by my friend *Flagellator*, must needs come forth and endeavour to brazen it out with the most unpardonable effrontery and barefacedness. Is it then so? The *Islander*, it appears, wants war, and war he shall have, aye, as said Palafox—

"War even to the knife!"

After concluding an editorial article, in his paper of the 16th instant, with the notable profession, that he "shall ever *study to avoid personalities*," the *Islander* opens his batteries and proceeds to *fulfil his promise*, by attacking the Editor of the *Colonial Herald* and his brother, on the score of their *Religion!* Here, Sir, do not imagine that there is anything like *personality*—do not allow yourself to be carried away by the common-place idea, *that there is anything of a* PERSONAL *nature in Religion!* The Editor of the *Islander* has pronounced his infallible opinion. You may "avoid personality" and yet burlesque a man's religion as much as you please. Is not this most admirable logic? But he does not stop here—this "avoiding personality" gentleman—this man of arrogance and self-conceit—this pedagogue! After introducing, in the most unwarrantable, unprovoked, and totally uncalled-for manner, the subject of the religious faith of two individuals, he proceeds to charge them with having "SIMULARLY *set their faces to different points of the religious horizon.*" Does the *Islander* understand the meaning of what he writes? I would charitably suppose he does not, and that, notwithstanding all his parade of learning, he is as stupidly ignorant of the grammatical sense of the word *simular*, as, at his first appearance on the Editorial arena, he proved himself to be of the word *impracticable*. I say, Sir, I must *in charity* suppose this to be the case, and that this pedant is in the habit of amusing himself by turning over the leaves of his dictionary, and, without much regard to sense, selecting a string of obsolete and far-fetched words, in order to astonish the natives of this Island with the great—the awe-inspiring—depth of his unequalled erudition! He, poor man, appears to think it would be *vulgar* to write such language as *common men* may understand, and therefore endeavors to carry us beyond the clouds in search of terms which *he* assuredly does not, and no one else—when perusing his effusions—cares to understand.

Mark the consequence of my inference, Mr. Editor. The of the *Islander*—this pseudo *man of letters*—*is, I maintain, a slanderer* of the worst description; for, Sir, he takes *upon himself* to assert that the brothers are both acting hypocritically (mark the word)—in "setting their faces to different points of the religious horizon;" thus constituting himself—he—the *Editor of the Islander*, of all people—a judge over men's consciences—*he* take upon himself to decide as to the purity of any man's motives! Were he a religious—a pious—man, he *dare* not do so—he would tremble at the thought. Did he know half as much of the Bible as he pretends to know of the conducting of a public newspaper, he would have been aware, that in that sacred volume are to be found precepts and injunctions such as these:—'*Judge not*, that ye be not *judged*.' 'Judge not according to the appearance, but judge *righteous* judgment.' '*Let us not judge one another*' any more.' '*Who art thou* that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth.' 'Who art thou that judgest another? He that judgeth his brother, judgeth the law.'

And now I come to the second point; and it is one which friend *Flagellator* ought to have replied rather to myself. The individual who conducts the Editorial department of the *Islander* comes forward in the most impudent manner, and, without the slightest foundation—or even the shadow of a foundation—charges the authorship of the letter signed *Flagellator* (whose *flagellation* this *Islander* will remember) upon an individual whom he gratuitously chose to be connected with the *Colonial Herald* Office. Now, I would ask the Editor of the *Islander*, upon what grounds he dared thus dastardly and publicly to attribute to a private individual, without sufficient data—and such data he possesses not—the authorship of an anonymous communication? By what right dare he thus invade the sanctity of private life, and endeavor—although unsuccessfully—to drag from his retirement a person who, I venture to say, never cared a straw about even the existence of the Editor of the *Islander*. Truly did the Poet-ploughman, in his "Address to the Deil"—

"Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kenn'd and noted is thy name."

And as truly do I believe, that if this Vulcan, who hurls the Editorial thunders of that woefully misnamed periodical the *Islander*, had never existed, or, existing, had never been tempted to sally forth from his proper sphere of whipping saucy brats, the individual whom he accuses as being the author of his *flagellation* would never have bestowed a single thought upon this awful personage—this MOKANNA this veiled Prophet of Khorassan—even though, like his intimate friend and well-wisher, the ominous genius above alluded to, "Great were his power, and great his fame—far kenn'd and noted were his name."

JUNIUS asserts—and *his* authority, I presume, every self-opinionated *Islander* will scarcely venture to dispute—JUNIUS, I say, asserts, in a letter to the great and honourable Lord Mansfield, that "*the injustice done to an individual is sometimes of service to the public.*" Now, Sir, I maintain that it is an act of injustice publicly and scurrilously to charge that upon an individual which the accuser is incapable of *proving*; and I defy the *Islander*, with all his assurance, to prove the authorship asserted by him, in this case. And I do further contend, that this very charge will be of "great use to the public," inasmuch as it will tend to satisfy them of the unpardonable extreme to which Mr. *Islander* will not scruple to descend, when writhing under the effects of a surgical operation such as that lately performed upon him by the delicate and tender hand of my trusty and well-beloved friend *Flagellator!*

"O, *Islander*, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not.)
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd."

The *Islander* seems particularly anxious that you, Mr. Editor, and your brother, should obtain what he elegantly styles the post of "*Deathsmen* to the Colony." If you are inclined to fill the berth, for my part I have not the least objection; but it occurs to me, that your contemporary had better have a care, and, despite his profession that he will *avoid personalities*, interfere somewhat less with private individuals and private character, or he may, perhaps, have the law nor of figuring—and that ere long—as *Deathsman* to that ominous and astonishing literary production, the *Islander*.